

*The Historie*

Of all the Court and princes of my blood,  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
Prophetically doe forethinke thy fall:  
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputelesse banishment,  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.  
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,  
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,  
That men would tell their children, This is he:  
Others would say, Where, which is Bullingbrook?  
And then I stole all courtesie from heaven,  
And drest my selfe in such humilitie,  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,  
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,  
Euen in presence of the crowned King.  
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a robe pontificall,  
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state  
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,  
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.  
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,  
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
And gaue his countenance against his name  
To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the push  
Of euery beardedle vaine comparatiue,  
Grew a companion to the common streetes,  
Enfeost himselfe to popularitie,  
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfettted with hony, and began to loath  
The taste of sweetenesse, whereof a little

More

*of Henry the fourth.*

More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seene,  
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
Heard, not regarded: seene, but with such eyes  
As sicke and blunted with communitie,  
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.  
Such as is bent on sun-like Maestie,  
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,  
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids down,  
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
As cloudy men vse to their aduersaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorgde, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,  
For, thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge,  
With vile participation. Not an eye,  
But is aweary of thy common sight,  
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,  
Make blind it selfe with foolish tenderesse.  
*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,  
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurg,  
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:  
Now, by my scepter, and my soule to boote,  
He hath more worthie interest to the state,  
Then thou, the shadow of succession.  
For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harnesse in the Realme,  
Turns head against the Lyons armed iawes,  
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,  
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on  
To bloudie battailes, and to bruising armes.  
What neuer dying honour hath he got,  
Against renowned Dowglas? Whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in armes,  
Holds from all fouldiours, chiefe maiortie,  
And militarie title capitall.

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